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# NBC

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WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE **UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS (EPISODE NO. 211)** **OK**

CHICAGO OUTLET **WMAZ**

( **12:30 PM** )

TIME

( **AUGUST 23, 1956** )

DATE

( **FRIDAY** )

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS



ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers"

MUSIC: Orchestra; Quartet: Ranger's Song.

ANNOUNCER: With official reports confirming what Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers on the ground had a pretty good hunch was true all along -- that the year's drought has already exceeded in intensity even that of 1934 -- the country has been experiencing an unusually bad forest fire situation. Big headlines in the daily papers have told of battles against the terrifying flames on more than a hundred bad fires. But what the papers have not told is that the Forest Service Rangers in the National Forests already this year have caught and promptly suppressed more than eleven thousand forest fires, with losses held to a low figure. Only a few bad ones got away, but they were plenty bad, of course.

The Forest Service continues its relentless war against the red demon of the timberlands, but during breathing spells, the regular work of managing and developing the National Forests goes on, and at the Pine Cone Ranger Station today, Ranger Jim Robbins and his assistant, Jerry Quick, are making preparations for an aerial mapping project on the Pine Cone District. We find them in the office ---



JIM: (FADING IN) That plane ought to be along any minute now. It's almost ten o'clock.

JERRY: Do you think the pilot can find the emergency field, Jim? It isn't very big.

JIM: Oh yes, he'll find it, Jerry. The outfit we contracted with to furnish the plane for this job is used to flying this country.

JERRY: Where are we going to start taking observations?

JIM: I guess you better cover the Bald Mountain area first. I don't know how much time you'll need for that, but that's the section we need the map made of or as much as we can get it.

JERRY: Yeah, we sure need an air map of that area for our fire-control plans.

JIM: I expect we'll get the whole forest air-mapped before we get through -- but probably not this year.

JERRY: It'll sure be swell to have 'em. -- You know, I've heard that some of the big city fire departments have regular models of each section of the city they have to cover.

JIM: Oh yes. Our air photographs will give us pretty much the same thing, like showing up the most inflammable sections of the forests, and the nature of the cover, and so on -- but we have plenty of other good use for air maps, too, besides in developing our fire-control organization.





BESS: (FADING IN) Oh, Jerry -- Mary Ann's not here yet, has she?

JERRY: No. Is she coming over this morning?

BESS: She's going to help me with my canning.

JERRY: Need any more help?

BESS: I thought you were going to take air photographs this morning.

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Maybe I could talk Jim into letting me help you instead.

JIM: Well, I dunno, you'd look kinda funny, Jerry, chasin' out to put out a fire in one of Bess's fancy aprons.

(THEY LAUGH)

BESS: When's the airplane supposed to get here?

JIM: Oughta be along pretty soon.

BESS: Is this the same one you had before, Jim?

JIM: I don't know, Bess. The company'll send us whatever pilot they have available, I suppose.

BESS: How do you take these air-map pictures, anyhow, Jim?

JIM: (KIDDING) Well, we'll tie a rope around Jerry and swing 'im over the side, head down, so he can ----

BESS: My heavens, Jim, you can't do that! No sir, you won't do anything of the --- Oh, Jim, you're joking --

JIM: (LAUGHS)

BESS: (LAUGHING) That's just what somebody ought to do to you. Are you going up?



JIM: Nope! Not good for two of us. I've got to stay here and keep --

JERRY: Have a nice Mary.

ESSIE: What do you think she'll say to your flying, Jerry?

JERRY: Well, I don't know. I haven't told her.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: (OFF MIKE) Hello, everybody!

(REPLIES)

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

JERRY: Mrs. Robbins just told me you were coming over this morning.

MARY: (FADING IN) I'm taking advantage of every chance I get to learn something about flying planes.

JERRY: I'm going to take some aerial photos up around Bald Mountain today, Mary.

MARY: Are you Jerry? Flying, you mean?

JERRY: Yeah, but it's safe enough. Jim's been up lots of times. I used to --

MARY: Oh, that's grand. I wish I could go with you. I've never been so.

JERRY: You mean you'd like to fly too?

MARY: Indeed I would.

JERRY: It's too bad we can't take you. I was afraid maybe you wouldn't want me to go either.



Foggy Day.

MARY: Oh no. I promise not to worry, Jerry -- Are you going, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: No, Mary. One of us has to stay here, while there's so much danger of fire. We can't take a chance on having a fire get ahead of us in weather like this.

MARY: I'll bet Jerry's never been up before. That's why you're letting him go this time.

JERRY: I haven't been up for a long time, but I used to fly all the time when I was going to college.

MARY: You mean you had a plane of your own?

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Me, own a plane? Gosh, I couldn't even afford a toy balloon. But my roommate was from a wealthy family, see and he owned a plane. His name was Bob LaCorte. He took me flying with him a lot of times. I was going to learn to fly myself, but I never got a chance.

BESS: Then this trip won't be anything new for you.

JERRY: Well, I haven't been up for a long time, though. I like it. Too bad we haven't got a regular fleet of planes in the Forest Service.

JIM: Think you'd like to be a flying Ranger, Jerry?

JERRY: I wouldn't want to spend all the time in the air but --

MARY: Isn't that a plane I hear?





JERRY: I don't hear --- Oh, yes! Let's see if we can locate it. Look out the window.

BESS: There he is, over the tops of those trees.

SOUND: (FADE MOTOR IN SLIGHTLY)

JIM: Yep. That's our man; he's coming down. I guess we'd better have a chat with the pilot before you take off, Jerry. Maybe he can give us a slant on how much time it'll take us to do this job.

JERRY: Yeah, we ought to go over it with 'im. I'll get things together.

JIM: (FADING) All right, I'll go get him and bring him in.

MUSIC: (TRANS CHORD)

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JIM: (FADING IN) Come right in, Mr. LaCorte. This is our Ranger Station office here.

BOB: (FADING IN) Thanks

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

JIM: Jerry, I'd like to have you meet ---

JERRY: (AMAZED) Bob LaCorte!

BOB: (DITTO) Jerry! --- You old son-of-a-sea-cook!

JERRY: What're you doin' here anyhow?

BOB: I'm flyin' for a living. Are you a Ranger?

JERRY: Sure. Don't you remember I was studying forestry.

BOB: (KIDDING) How did they ever happen to let you into the Forest Service?





JERRY: (LAUGHING) Well, I don't know, but they let me in, any way. I had to work for a living, see?

BOB: That's a good one. So do I.

JERRY: How come?

BOB: Oh, the family fortune's disappeared over night. Now I'm a licensed pilot, and glad of it, Jerry.

JIM: I take it you fellas know each other.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) I'll say we do. This is the Bob LaCorte I was tellin' you about, the one I used to room with at college. Jim's my boss, Bob.

BOB: I hope he doesn't have as tough a time as I had tryin' to keep you on the straight and narrow.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) I reckon we Rangers don't have time to do much else, Mr. LaCorte.

JERRY: Say, Bob. I want you to meet my fiancee.

BOB: Who?

JERRY: The girl I'm engaged to.

BOB: Sure, trot her out. Say, this is going to be a treat.

JERRY: (OFF MIKE) Mary! Come here a minute, will you? Bring Mrs. Robbins with you.

MARY: (DISTANCE) What is it, Jerry?

JERRY: (OFF MIKE) I want you to meet somebody.

MARY: (DISTANCE) But I have my apron on.

JERRY: (OFF MIKE) Aw, that doesn't make any difference. Come on.



MARY: (DISTANCE) All right, just a minute.

JERRY: (FADING IN) They'll be here in a minute.

BOB: Say, why couldn't you write a fella once in a while?

JERRY: Well -- I don't have a lot of time to write letters or anything. You know how it is.

BOB: (LAUGHING) Sure I do.

JERRY: Oh, here's Mary --- Mary, I want to introduce Bob LaCorte to meet you -- and this is Mrs. Robbins, Bob.

(MUTUAL GREETINGS)

JERRY: Bob's the fella I was tellin' you about that I used to fly with. We were roommates at college.

MARY: Jerry didn't tell us you were coming or we might have been a little more presentable. Mrs. Robbins and I had just started to do some canning.

BOB: I guess Jerry didn't know much about it. It was a surprise for both of us.

JERRY: Yeah, Bob's flying the plane we're gonna use to take air-map pictures. It's the first time we've seen each other since we were in school.

BESS: If you'll be back here this evening, we'd like you to have supper with us, Mr. LaCorte.

BOB: I guess that's up to Mr. Robbins. If it fits in with his plans, I'd enjoy it very much.

JIM: I think we can arrange it, all right.



BESS: We'll expect you then.

BOB: Thanks, very much.

BESS: Not a bit. I think if you'll pardon us, Mary and I better get back to our canning.

BOB: Sure. I'm sorry I interrupted.

MARY: Don't worry about that. (FADING) We'll see you this evening.

BOB: Righto'

JERRY: Well, what do you think of her, Bob?

BOB: M-m-m-m wish I'd joined the Forest Service instead of taking up aviation. You always were lucky, Jerry.

JERRY: That's what I think.

JIM: Is this your first detail on a National Forest, Mr. LeCorte?

BOB: No, I've done some of this work on other Forests. It's my first time up here, though.

JIM: I'm hopin' we'll have plenty of work for you. All depends on how the fire situation is, and how long the money holds out.

BOB: Airplanes could be a big help to the Forest Service, don't you think?





JIM: Oh, yes. They've been plenty helpful whenever we've used 'em. We've used 'em some for transporting men and supplies in emergencies, and for scouting bad fires, and so on.

JERRY: I suppose we'll have planes of our own some of these days. Gee! that'll sure be great. The Flying Rangers!

JIM: Yep, but it takes time to organize a unit like that. Do you want to have a look at our work plan here, Mr. LaCorte? Maybe you can give us some ideas as to the quickest way to get this job done.

BOB: Sure. Maybe I can help some.

JIM: Well, we thought we'd ---

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JERRY: (GADING) I'll get it.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JERRY: (OFF MIKE) Hello! --(QUICKLY) Yes, Pete! Where is it? -- Blind spot? -- No we haven't had any other reports --- hang on --- Jim, it's Pete McLaren on Windy Peak Lookout. says there's smoke rollin' up, but it's in that blind spot over the ridge from him and he can't locate it exactly.

JIM: Tell 'im to keep his eye on it and report back. We'll get one of our standby crews up there to find it as quick as we can.





JERRY: (TO PHONE) Listen, Pete. Keep reporting to Jim. We'll get underway with a smokechaser crew.

(SOUND): (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JIM: That may turn into a bad fire in that blind spot. We've got to get it located right now. LaCorte, can you fly Jerry over that area and report to me quick?

BOB: You bet. We'll have 'er located in a few minutes.

JIM: If there's any wind behind that fire we'll need a lot of men on 'er. Jerry, you fly over Windy Peak and let me know how many men to send and the best way to get 'em in to the fire. Report in as quick as you can -- by phone if you can get to one quicker.

JERRY: Okay, Jim. (FADING) Come on, Bob.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT)

SOUND: (CRANKS PHONE . CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JIM: (TO PHONE) Hello! Give me the camp, please -- (CALLING) Bess! Can you come here a minute? I need some help -- (TO PHONE) Hello, Dave? -- This is Jim -- Listen, we've got a fire smoking up over behind Windy Peak. Can you stand by till I find out how bad it is? -- (FADING) Hold your men ready. -- Yes, every man you can spare --- she might be a pretty bad one --

MUSIC: (TRANS CHORD)

BESS: (FADING IN) How soon will we hear from Jerry, Jim?



JIM: Ought to hear any time now, Boss. I expect they'll probably find at North Station emergency field, where we can pick up a plane.

MARY: (FADING IN) Is it a bad fire, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: I don't know for sure, Mary. I've got positive arms standing by in case we need 'em. That timber over there's as dry as --

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

MARY: Maybe that's Jerry.

JIM: (TO PHONE -- Hello, Jerry? Hello -- It's a hot one, eh? Wind behind it? -- Get trucks in along lower road as far as the spring, eh? -- A hundred men? -- All right. How about tractors and ploughs? -- Yep -- We can send pumps from Spring Creek? Good. I got it, Jerry. We'll have men and pumps up there pronto. -- Yes, I'm going up on the fire, but look here -- You stand by to direct the fight from the air. You can drop messages to me on the fire line. Call the station here when you get to ground. I'll be in touch with the Station by radio. Got it. Jerry? -- All right. So long.

SOUND: (HANGS UP)



P-30 18.

SIR:

It's sure a break too as we had that plane here. Will  
you hold the fort, Boss? I've got to get the man  
stopped (FADING) and get him to the fire station. We've  
got a fight on our hands.

MURDO:

ANNOUNCER:

Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers will be on the air again next  
Friday. Meanwhile, water those cigarette butts; break  
your match in two; keep fire out of our woods. -- This  
program is presented by the National Broadcasting  
Company, with the cooperation of the United States  
Forest Service.

MURDO/18/38  
2:00 PM

